

ticket  
to  
write  
the indigo one

r. m. s.

ㄱ ㄷ ㅁ

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ISBN-13: 978-0-473-46210-9

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## introduction

I am still writing strange poetry on bus tickets. Some people whose life's work has been to know far more about poetry than I ever will say it's not bad. So, I persevere.

Most of these were written on the ticket date. Almost all of them have been edited, but I've always been fascinated by what happens between first drafts and final versions, so the original form is given as well, right next to the version I'm happy with. I wrote... *a lot* of poems this year; here are 42 of the ones I liked.

And, of course, there are a few lovely people without whom this wouldn't have happened, and to whom I am very grateful for all their help and support and putting up with me.

- ♠ Mum, for making things interesting and vice versa, and for reading and critiquing all these poems, sifting out the irredeemably awful ones, and helping polish the redeemable ones. (You're grateful to her too – she's responsible for adding a lot of punctuation and not a few capital letters.)
- ♠ Dad, for making the effort to understand what I was going on about even though poetry is Not His Thing, and for being as predictable and sensible and reliable as Antarctica is dry and windy. He's awesome. Also, the original title was his idea.
- ♠ *Ner Jate Vod*, Erin-and-Jewel as a kind of unit, and Sarah Who Art Online, for the blog pingbacks and the illustrations, for convincing me I could write in the first place, and for making encouraging noises when I was just about ready to chuck the whole thing.
- ♠ And AJF – *tug'yc*. For divers eccentricities and patient toleration of same, for only laughing at me when the situation obviously demands it, and for letting me print the one addressed to him.



and so, without further ado...

ladies and gentlemen ,

permit me to present you some poems.

## Losing My Touch

I am not used to this.  
I have forgotten how  
to tap briskly at my mind  
catch a stray thought  
& pin it down,  
add it to the glass-fronted case,  
\*breathe\*

I set focus  
as it to stare out beyond the horizon  
to where the words are stilled  
and the images begin -  
static.

A jumble of sigs, spectra, swords,  
semi-ticked-off to-do lists  
& precisely nothing  
I can actually write about.

I remember how to write  
and even (harder) how to think.  
To do: relearn how to see  
~~what~~ the things steadily enough to capture.

www.busit.co.nz

qr 1KI for Inspector

# BUSIT!

\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*

\*\*\* Ticket \*\*\*

river 11646

odule 528455

ime 07:39

ate Tue, 27 Feb 18

SmartCard Updated

ard:145045

alue Added: \$20.00

ard Cash Is: \$20.40

\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*

\*\*\* Ticket \*\*\*

## *losing my touch*

I am not used to this.  
I have forgotten how  
to tap briskly at my mind  
catch a stray thought  
& pin it down,  
add it to the glass-fronted case.  
\*breathe\*

I set focus  
as if to stare out beyond the horizon  
where the words are stilled  
and the images begin –  
static.

A jumble of sky, spectra, swords,  
semi-ticked-off to-do lists  
& precisely nothing  
I can actually write about.  
I remember how to write  
& even (harder) how to think.  
To do: relearn how to see  
the thinks steadily enough to capture.

'Nah, I'm Going Back  
For My Masters'

The way we go  
is the way we always went  
steering back into  
the familiar ruts on the road  
after a night or a summer  
camped off  
waiting by the way.

We have forgotten  
from the memories of our hands  
the way we used to go ~~but~~  
~~the~~ the eyes see [same old]

In the misty rain  
that hides the far distance  
the silver rails of the track  
are the only clear path  
through gluey mud.

There's a lot of water there, Tom,  
and we're only lookin' at the top of it.  
Who knows what firm bedrock  
or treacherous dips  
are along the road  
that has not come this way <sup>before?</sup>  
The further stretches of this road  
are charted but unknown.

Mount up.  
Get the wheels  
Fall into the familiar way.  
The road is all before us. Drive.

**BUSIT!**

Route 52AD

Driver: 11646

Ticket: 5468

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 4

To Stop: 5

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$18.70

Time: 07:40

27 Feb 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

08:40 AM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

*nah, i'm going back for my masters*

The way we go  
is the way we always went:  
steering back into  
the familiar ruts on the road  
after a night or a summer  
camped off,  
waiting by the way.  
We have forgotten  
from the memories of our hands  
the way we used to go, but  
the eyes see same old same old.

In the misty rain  
that hides the far distance  
the silver rails of the track  
are the only clear path  
through gluey mud.

*"There's a lot of water there, Tom,  
and we're only lookin' at the top of it."*

You cannot know  
what firm bedrock  
or treacherous dips  
are along the road  
unless you've come this way before.  
The farther stretches of this road  
are charted but unknown.

Mount up.

Let the wheels  
fall into the familiar way.

The road is all before us.

Drive.

## Along For The Ride

Do you ever feel  
like a passenger in your own life  
watching  
to see what happens next  
with all the interest  
and a similar level of control  
to the average moviegoer?  
The drawback of course  
is that one ends up  
requesting spoilers of a world  
firmly convinced  
one is writing the story all along.  
It is sometimes freeing  
often frightening  
to wander along  
the valley of the shadow of  
one's own overactive imagination  
taking each step carefully  
remaining on balance at all times  
but with no real ~~idea~~ or even  
surreal  
idea  
where the path goes from here  
whether one is obligated  
to stay on it after the trip begins  
whether one is going the right way  
& if not  
whether it is too late  
to turn back.  
Or is it just me?

www.busticket.co.nz  
Keep IKT for Inspector

# BUSIT!

## Route 52A

Driver: 10623

Ticket: 9283

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:1

To Stop:2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$11.90

Time: 07:30

## 05 Mar 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 08:30 AM

\* Free Transfer Left \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

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## *along for the ride*

Do you ever feel  
like a passenger in your own life,  
watching  
to see what happens next  
with all the interest  
and most of the control  
of the average moviegoer?  
The drawback of course  
is that one ends up  
requesting spoilers of a world  
firmly convinced  
one is writing the story all along.  
It is sometimes freeing,  
often frightening,  
to wander along  
the valley of the shadow of  
one's own overactive imagination,  
taking each step carefully,  
remaining on balance at all times,  
but with no real  
or even surreal  
idea  
where the path goes from here,  
whether one is obligated  
to stay on it after the trip begins,  
whether one is going the right way,  
& if not  
whether it is too late  
to turn back.  
Or is it just me?

## Zone

And your eyes focus wrong  
as if you are trying to see  
like Superman  
what is beyond the floor, the walls  
or perhaps  
just a stereoscope picture  
and perhaps you can  
because the edges fold out  
and you can notice  
every flicker of movement  
every click & whisper  
in the background  
& you are not  
really there  
but apparently conscious reactions  
are heavy on the processing space  
once remove them  
and you are no longer aware of  
choosing where to go  
or how to classify  
objects of notice  
you just go  
and watch your body move  
in the direction you  
would have chosen  
but don't think you did.  
& so it seems  
by taking most of the conscious  
offline as it were  
I can go faster.

WWW.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep IKT For Inspector

# BUSIT!

## Route 2

Driver: 11672

Ticket: 184

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 19

To Stop: 18

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$10.20

Time: 17:03

## 05 Mar 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 6:03 PM

\* Free Transfer Trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

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## *zone*

And your eyes focus wrong  
as if you are trying to see  
like Superman  
what is beyond  
the floor  
the walls  
or perhaps  
just a stereoscope picture.  
& perhaps you can  
because the edges fold out  
& you can notice  
every flicker of movement  
every click & whisper  
in the background  
& you are not  
really there.  
But it seems conscious reactions  
are heavy on the processing space –  
once remove them  
& you are no longer aware of  
choosing where to go  
or how to classify  
objects of notice.  
You just go  
& watch your body move  
in the direction  
you would have chosen  
but don't think you did.  
& so apparently  
by taking most of the conscious  
offline  
I *can* go faster.

## Earworm, (or, Seagulls)

Sometimes the cassettes  
that drop themselves unbidden  
into some hidden, ever-rolling  
tape deck of the mind  
are trying to tell you something—  
maybe simple, like,  
to catch up with  
the person who first sang it to you,  
or to rewatch that TV show,  
maybe something deeper, like,  
the only things you truly own  
are your mistakes  
or  
to be young at heart,  
the world is still magical  
or  
anything can happen  
in the next half-hour  
or  
freedom's just another word  
for 'nothing left to lose.'  
But sometimes  
(the ones that make you go gah)  
there is no message  
nothing new to learn  
just the closed loop  
— come on baby,  
don't fear the reaper—  
of a catchy song.

Keep IKI for Inspector

# BUSit.

Route 52A

Driver: 11619

Ticket: 7301

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70  
From Stop: 9

To Stop: 10

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$8.50

Time: 07:02

07 Mar 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

08:02 AM

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.hutit

## *earworm (or, seagulls)*

Sometimes the cassettes  
that drop themselves unbidden  
into some hidden, ever-rolling  
tape deck of the mind  
are trying to tell you something –  
maybe simple, like,  
to catch up with  
the person who first sang it to you  
or to rewatch that TV show.  
Maybe something deeper, like  
the only things you truly own  
are your mistakes  
or  
to the young at heart  
the world is still magical  
or  
anything can happen  
in the next half-hour  
or  
freedom's just another word  
for nothing left to lose.  
But sometimes  
there is no message,  
nothing new to learn,  
just the closed loop  
– come on, baby  
don't fear the reaper –  
of a catchy song.

## Writer's Block

Sometimes the words come easily  
flowing from the pen  
cluggy ink and all  
like water

or a bolt of silk  
tossed from the full bright  
of extended arms

to fall where it may  
Sometimes they shatter  
fine crystal dashed against  
the anvil of the day

& it is impossible  
to find 2 fragments  
that belong together.

Sometimes chirping crickets -  
put ~~the~~ right ones  
in together

& before you know it,  
you have a full colony.  
Today, the words  
are like good gnocchidays  
very very happy to stay  
exactly where it is  
& breaking up  
the moment you try putting it  
anywhere else

Keep IRI for Inspector

# BUSIT!

## Route 52

Driver: 11644

Ticket: 23103

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 1

To Stop: 2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$6.80

Time: 19:11

## 07 Mar 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 8:11 PM

\* Free transfer trip  
\* within city boundary  
\* boarded before expiry  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

[www.busit.co.nz](http://www.busit.co.nz)

## *writer's block*

Some days the words come easily  
flowing from the pen  
(cluggy ink and all)  
like water  
or a bolt of silk  
tossed from the full height  
of extended arms  
to fall where it may.  
Sometimes they shatter:  
fine crystal dashed against  
the anvil of the day  
& it is impossible  
to find two fragments  
that belong together.  
Sometimes chirring crickets –  
put the right ones  
in together  
& before you know it  
you have a full colony.  
Today, the words  
are like good gnocchi dough:  
very, very happy to stay  
exactly where it is  
& breaking up  
the moment you try putting it  
anywhere else.

## Dreams Are Free

A dream with a date  
is a goal, they say  
a goal with steps is a plan  
following the steps  
is where you come to grief  
there is always something  
you hadn't thought of  
then boom  
plan what plan  
and you have to decide  
if you really want it  
if ~~you~~ wouldn't rather  
throw away your ambition  
have a safe boring life  
I mean come on  
it's not like this is thrilling  
a frozen Fanta makes  
your whole week.  
Unfortunately for the safe life  
I have the kind of cowardice  
that prefers a probable  
hard frustrating grind  
with occasional Eureka  
that for one fleeting moment  
bathes it all in the sublime glow  
of worth it  
to probable easy boredom.  
Dreams are free.  
Reality? Now that's expensive

Keep 1K1 for Inspector

# BUSIT!

## Route 2B

Driver: 11583

Ticket: 4452

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:35

To Stop:34

Card: 145045

Credit left: \$3.40

Time: 14:27

## 08 Mar 18

Transfer Expires

## 3:27 PM

\* Free Transfer Trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

what bus 44

## *dreams are free*

A dream with a date  
is a goal, they say,  
a goal with steps is a plan.  
Following the steps  
is where you come to grief:  
there is always something  
you hadn't thought of  
then *boom*  
plan, what plan?  
And you have to decide  
if you really want it  
if you wouldn't rather  
throw away your ambition  
have a safe boring life.  
Unfortunately for the safe life  
I have the kind of cowardice  
that prefers  
a probable hard frustrating grind  
with an occasional *Eureka*,  
that for one floating moment  
bathes it all  
in the sublime glow of *worth it*,  
to probable easy boredom.  
Dreams are free.  
Reality?  
Now *that's* expensive.

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Keep TKT For Inspection



Route 52A

Driver: 10623

Ticket: 11935

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 9

To Stop: 10

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$14.90

Time: 07:31

16 Mar 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

08:31 AM

\* - Now 'Last' Edit - Now \*

\* Free transfer trip \*

\* within city boundary \*

\* boarded before expiry \*

\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

### Keeping Up Apparitions

Do you ever wonder  
how you look  
(which is not the same as  
what you look like)?

When a stranger  
or more urgently  
a friend  
looks at you  
who do they see?

• Do you really project  
true & centered  
on the screen  
of your life

who you truly are  
or a simulacrum  
a form optimized  
for each viewer?

It is hard to remember  
when often in someone's  
[company],  
where their projection  
ends

& you - the 'real' you -  
the original image  
begin.

Answer this mystery:  
when you try hardest  
to be yourself  
you are least yourself.

## *keeping up apparitions*

Do you ever wonder  
how you look  
(which is not the same as  
what you look like)?

When a stranger  
or more urgently  
a friend  
looks at you,  
what do they see?

Do you project  
true & centered  
on the screen of your life  
who you really are,  
or a simulacrum  
a form optimized  
for each viewer?

It is hard to remember  
when often in  
someone's company  
where 'their' projection  
ends  
& you – the 'real' you –  
begin.

Explain this mystery:  
when you try hardest  
to be yourself  
you are least yourself.

## Missed Opportunity

I was going to write something about how the surface you lean on (to write)

shows through. This was because

I tried leaning on a buckram-bound book

The Right Stuff (if you wondered)

& it ridged the ink.

I wanted

to draw a parallel to textures

odd quirks

impressed on

first-draft people

& say however much you edit

& polish

& do the classic

change-the-names-so-it's-not-forget  
you never quite shake that first draft.

But I only had one ticket this morning

so I couldn't write that poem

Keep HKI for busline

**BUSIT!**

Route 2

Driver: 10495

Ticket: 8523

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 30

To Stop: 29

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$13.20

Time: 19:03

16 Mar 18

\*\* Transfer Expires At

8:03 PM

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.nw.nz

## *missed opportunity*

I was going to write  
something about how  
the surface you lean on  
(to write)  
shows through. This was  
because  
I tried leaning on  
a buckram-bound book  
(*The Right Stuff*,  
if you wondered)  
& it ridged the ink.  
I wanted  
to draw a parallel  
to textures  
odd quirks  
impressed on  
first-draft people  
& say  
however much you edit  
& polish  
& do the classic  
change-the-names-so-it-looks-original  
you never quite shake  
that first draft.  
But I only had one ticket  
this morning  
so I couldn't write that poem.

## Complex

And the time has come  
as you always knew it would  
when you find yourself  
trying to catch  
pterodactyls  
on butterfly pins  
because what you think  
is bigger than  
you have words for  
& weirder than  
that crazy drug-dream  
Xanadu  
& the words  
just aren't there  
& maybe someday  
you'll distill it  
get down to  
single drips of the strong stuff  
that can be safely bottled  
boil away  
the over-reactive  
melodrama  
that is an unfortunate byproduct  
in the synthesis of reason.  
The final product  
is still volatile  
but simple/analysable/clean  
not this sludgy mess  
of ill-defined elements.

Keep IKT for Inspector

# BUSIT!

## Route 52A

Driver: 11683

Ticket: 25377

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 8

To Stop: 9

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$8.10

Time: 07:49

## 20 Mar 18

Transfer Expires \*\*

## 08:49 AM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

## *complex*

And the time has come  
– as you always knew it would –  
when you find yourself  
trying to catch  
pterodactyls  
on butterfly pins  
because what you *think*  
is bigger than  
you have words for,  
& weirder than  
that crazy drug-dream  
Xanadu,  
& the words  
just aren't there.  
& maybe someday  
you'll distill it,  
get down to  
single drops of the strong stuff  
that can be safely bottled,  
boil away  
the over-reactive  
melodrama  
that is an unfortunate byproduct  
in the synthesis of reason.  
The final product  
is still volatile  
but simple  
analyzable  
clean;  
not this sludgy mess  
of ill-defined elements.

Keep [K] for Inspector

**BUSIT!**

Route 17

Driver: 11682

Ticket: 387

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$6.40

Time: 17:33

20 Mar 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

6:33 PM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

This Tiger is Tame;

Its Brother is Not

There is another poem  
(or there was

I might have burned it  
never know, will we?)  
written

on a sheet - a sheet! - of paper  
with the poet  
sitting actually still  
at an actual desk.

The way  
you're meant to write.  
It wasn't very good.

Oh, I said  
what I wanted to say;  
like squeezing  
all the toothpaste  
out of the tube;

you only have to do it once.

It's safe now,  
caged. Defanged.

That's what responsible people  
do with tigers.

You don't sic them  
on the people  
who gave them to you wild.

You cage them. Tame them.  
And when they don't bite  
anymore  
you put them in the Zoo.

*this tiger is tame; its brother is not*

There is another poem  
(or there was.  
I might have burned it)  
written  
on a sheet – a sheet! – of paper  
with the poet  
sitting actually still  
at an actual desk.  
The way  
you're meant to write.  
It wasn't very good.  
Oh, I said  
what I wanted to say.  
(Like squeezing  
*all* the toothpaste  
out of the tube;  
you only have to do it once.)  
It's safe now.  
Caged. Defanged.  
That's what responsible people  
do with tigers.  
You don't sic them  
on the people  
who gave them to you wild.  
You contain them.  
Tame them.  
And when they don't bite anymore  
you put them in the zoo.

**BUSIT!**

Route 52A

Driver: 10623

Ticket: 13390

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 1

To Stop: 2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$4.70

Time: 07:32

23 Mar 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

08:32 AM

: 1.00

Exit Summer, Stage Left,

Slowly

We round the corner

and there they are

balloons

black against the rising sun

heralds of winter

the roar of flames

against the unfamiliar stillness

of a crisp morning.

It was hot this summer

& it is not cold yet

& the hot air

drags the balloons low over the city

& winter

is coming

but days like these

you can believe

it won't come

That this golden weather

all half-turned leaves

& days too short for their mercury

will endure.

Pipe dreams & hot-air-balloons

can make you believe

the strongest rubbish.

Truth is everything ends.

*exit summer, stage left, slowly*

We round the corner  
and there they are:  
balloons  
black against the rising sun,  
the roar of flames  
in the unfamiliar stillness  
of a crisp morning.  
It was hot this summer  
& it is not cold yet  
& the hot air  
drags the balloons low over the city.  
& winter  
is *coming*  
but days like these  
you can believe  
it won't *come*.  
That this golden weather,  
all half-turned leaves  
& days too short for their mercury,  
will endure.  
Pipe dreams & hot-air balloons  
can make you believe  
the strangest rubbish.  
Truth is  
everything  
ends.

## Before the Sun Rises

& there is so much  
 out there in the dark  
 featuredly relively  
 as the back  
 of a new buzzcut  
 but pierced  
 with the steady stars  
 of porchlights  
 & headlights  
 & oh-god-no-it's morning  
 lights in kitchens  
 & the light sneers out  
 across the darkness  
 flung into stylized stars  
 by the overpresent  
 dust on glasses  
 (to you, O person of 20/20,  
 what do streetlamps look like?)  
 But the darkness  
 will not surrender to it.  
 Not yet.  
 Because that negative shadow  
 flat & golden  
 on the horizon  
 is not reinforcements  
 not the dawn  
 merely the reflection on the clouds  
 of city streets.  
 And I wait  
 among the crickets  
 for the miniature electric sunrise  
 of the bus coming over the hill.

# BUSIT!

## Route 9B

Driver: 11689

Ticket: 132

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 11

To Stop: 10

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$21.30

Time: 06:31

## 27 Mar 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 07:31 AM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
 \* within city boundary \*  
 \* boarded before expiry \*  
 \*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

## *before the sun rises*

& there is so much  
out there in the dark,  
featuredly velvety  
as the back  
of a new buzzcut,  
but pierced  
with the steady stars  
of porchlights  
& headlights  
& *oh-god-no-it's-morning* lights  
in kitchens.  
& the light smears out  
across the darkness  
flung into stylized stars  
by the ever-present  
dust on glasses  
(to you, o person of 20/20,  
what do streetlamps look like?)  
but the darkness  
will not surrender to it.  
Not yet.  
Because that negative shadow –  
flat & golden  
on the horizon –  
is not reinforcements,  
not the dawn;  
merely the reflection on the clouds  
of city streets.  
& I wait  
among the crickets  
for the miniature electric sunrise  
of the bus coming over the hill.



Let's try that again, shall we?

\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*

\*\*\* Ticket \*\*\*

Driver 11609

Module 527695

Time 06:31

Date Tue, 27 Mar 18

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$20.00

Card Cash Is: \$23.00

\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*

\*\*\* Travel Ticket \*\*\*

## Like

Love is

an overused emotion  
applied to Ed Sheeran & pug & polaroid  
love says,  
this is My Current Thing.

Equally, love is

to be infectious infatuation  
drunk, tomorrow to be sober,  
equally, love is  
a choice to act

kindly, selflessly  
regardless of how one thinks.

Such is the modern parlance  
of love,

with much to say of the subject  
and nothing of the object.

Like, though,

like says

this is congenial.

this has merit of its own  
however weird.

Like does not choose; it just is,  
uncomplicated

for silly reasons or profound.

& so I do not love, not much.

But you know—  
I like you.

## *like*

Love is  
an overused emotion  
applied to Ed Sheeran & pugs & Polaroids:  
love says,  
this is My Current Thing.  
Equally, love is  
to be in fatuous infatuation  
drunk  
tomorrow to be sober.  
Equally, love is  
a choice to act  
kindly, selflessly  
regardless of how one thinks.  
Such is the modern parlance  
of love  
with much to say of the subject  
& nothing of the object.  
Like, though...  
like says,  
this is congenial.  
This has merit of its own,  
however weird.  
Like does not choose; it just is  
uncomplicated  
for reasons silly or profound.  
& so I do not love, not much.  
But... you know...  
I like you.

Keep It! For Inspector

**BUSIT!**

Route 2

Driver: 11664

Ticket: 6381

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:30

To Stop:29

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$19.60

Time: 18:36

**27 Mar 18**

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

**7:36 PM**

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

Welcome to  
the Cupboard Under the Stairs

There's this  
little exercise you do  
see

kind of like

going around  
gathering up the lights  
from rooms that are

too big  
too cluttered  
or just plain  
too cobwebby

for them to fully illuminate,  
turning off  
everything you're not using  
& making  
a single concerted effort  
to light just one room  
enough to show people.

You never know  
going in

which room

or rooms  
consent to be shown.

& if the one room that's  
full of torches  
when I arrive

is too weird to share  
then guess what?  
no poem.

## *welcome to the cupboard under the stairs*

There's this  
little exercise I do  
see  
kind of like  
going around  
gathering up the lights  
from rooms that are  
too big  
too cluttered  
or just plain  
too cobwebby  
for them to fully illuminate –  
turning off  
everything I'm not using  
& making  
a single concerted effort  
to light just one room  
enough to show people.  
I never know  
going in  
*which* room  
or rooms  
consent to be shown  
& if the one room that's  
full of lights  
when I arrive  
is too weird to share,  
then guess what?  
No poem.

For which  
No Title  
seemed appropriate

'If you go on with this  
you will lose  
everything  
you ever care about'  
he says.

I know this:  
attachment leads  
to fear of loss  
accept impending loss  
& attachment is fine  
but  
something is off  
so

'With what?' I ask  
& the answer is  
'LIFE muchahaha.'

The voice in my head  
is getting  
better at this.  
Doesn't sound like me  
anymore.

But  
'get lost' I say  
'he wouldn't say that.'  
at least

I hope not.  
The suspicion  
of creeping insanity  
would be easier to handle.

WWW.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep TKT for Inspection

**BUSIT!**

Route 9B

Driver: 11717

Ticket: 673

Fare: CH SGL SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$17.90

Time: 06:28

03 Apr 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

07:28 AM

\* Free transfer trip  
\* within city boundary  
\* boarded before expiry  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

*for which no title seemed appropriate*

'If you go on with this  
you will lose  
everything  
you ever care about'  
he says.

I know this:  
attachment leads  
to fear of loss  
accept impending loss;  
& attachment is fine  
but  
something is off.

So  
'with what?' I ask  
& the answer is  
'*LIFE muahahaha*'.  
The voice in my head  
is getting better at this.  
Doesn't sound like me anymore.

But  
'get lost' I say  
'he wouldn't say that.'  
At least  
I hope not.  
The suspicion  
of creeping insanity  
would be easier to handle.

**BUSIT!**

Route 52A

Driver: 11683

Ticket: 17884

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:1

To Stop:2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$14.50

Time: 07:46

06 Apr 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

08:46 AM

\* Free Transfer Trip \*  
 \* within city boundary \*  
 \* boarded before expiry \*  
 \*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

And we go  
 Down To The River.

Who decides  
 what you ought to care about?  
 whence cometh  
 this self-filter

that says no  
 do not talk about the river again  
 that has been  
 done to death?

Screw it. The river is  
 the heart of the city  
 equal faucet & drain  
 implacable barrier

& meeting place,  
 you glide down to } it  
 & climb up from }

& half the parks  
 are on its sloping flanks.

Or perhaps

I'm just drawn to  
 large bodies of water  
 & don't have  
 many other options.

perhaps the filter is right.  
 And that ~~is~~ <sup>is quite</sup> enough  
 about the river.

*and we go down to the river*

Who decides  
what you ought to care about?  
Whence cometh  
this self-filter  
that says 'no  
do not talk about the river again  
that has been done to death'?  
Screw it.

The river is  
the heart of the city  
equally faucet & drain  
implacable barrier  
& meeting place.  
You glide down to it  
& climb up from it  
& half the parks  
are on its sloping banks.  
Or perhaps  
I'm just drawn to  
large bodies of water  
& don't have  
many other options.  
Perhaps the filter is right  
& that is quite enough  
about the river.

Sunset  
10,000 miles from Waterloo

Golden leaves  
lie in the gutter  
of a quiet street.  
No cars come here  
nothing disturbs  
the perfect arc  
dropped / scattered  
on a windless afternoon  
to reflect  
the perfect arc  
undisturbed  
of the setting sun  
deep orange  
in the empty sky over the hills  
all is  
where it should be,  
where it has been  
so many times  
& I hang here  
in this perfect day  
in the shadow of the pines  
collecting every second  
tucking them away  
held in trust  
for the next imperfect day.  
Because this mirrored sunset  
is fragile  
my grip on its peace / tenuous  
but the more I save now  
the more I will have  
for when the mirror breaks.

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ  
Keep IKT for Inspector



Route 17

Driver: 11672

Ticket: 4649

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 24

To Stop: 23

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$12.80

Time: 18:03

06 Apr 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

7:03 PM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

*sunset, 10,000 miles from Waterloo*

Golden leaves  
lie in the gutter  
of a quiet street.  
No cars come here.  
Nothing disturbs  
the perfect arc of leaves  
dropped  
scattered  
on a windless afternoon,  
reflecting  
the perfect arc  
of the undisturbed setting sun,  
deep orange  
in the empty sky over the hills.  
All is  
where it should be  
where it has been  
so many times.  
& I hang here  
in this perfect day  
in the shadow of the pines  
collecting every second  
tucking them away,  
held in trust  
for the next imperfect day.  
Because this mirrored sunset  
is fragile  
my grip on its peace  
tenuous.  
But the more I save now  
the more I will have  
for when the mirror breaks.

## Notes on A Foreign Country

When it has always been  
like this  
for good or ill  
you don't see

what is wrong with  
or even  
if there is a wrong with  
the status quo.  
You don't see the problems  
with a normal bus  
until

the close-walled  
close-coupled  
immunity of a double-decker

You don't mind  
inability to post  
until you strike  
inability to probe.

And the changes  
keep ringing  
until they have rung out,  
all that is  
or was  
or will be

As the past piles up  
like the detritus  
of a busy intersection  
some valuable/some trivial  
all rendered inaccessible  
by the same tide  
that carried it there.

www.BUSITL.CO.NZ

Keep TKT for Inspector

# BUSIT!

## Route 52A

Driver: 11551

Ticket: 20

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:1

To Stop:2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$11.10

Time: 07:31

## 09 Apr 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 08:31 AM

\* Free transfer trip  
\* within city boundary  
\* boarded before expiry  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

Website: www.bustl.co.nz

## *notes on a foreign country*

When it has always been  
like this  
you don't see  
what is wrong with  
(or even  
if there is a wrong-with)  
the status quo.  
You don't see a problem  
with a normal bus  
until  
the close-walled  
close-ceilinged  
tranquility of a double-decker.  
You don't mind  
inability to poet  
until you strike  
inability to prose.  
And the changes  
keep ringing  
until they have rung out  
all that is  
or was  
or will be  
& the past piles up  
like the detritus  
of a busy intersection:  
some valuable  
some trash  
all rendered inaccessible  
by the same tide  
that carried it there.

## Apologia

There are things  
I don't want to write about  
or even  
think concrete thoughts about  
because a)  
irrational concern  
that fetopaths might exist  
& b) buses are  
unglamorous enough.  
Putting on a bus  
would be the height of bad taste.  
So we won't  
talk about those  
other things  
fall into the category  
want to write but can't.  
Because there are already  
excellent commentaries  
by qualified people.  
Because I might be wrong about  
something that really matters.  
But mostly because  
- God forgive me -  
I am afraid.  
I am afraid I will start writing  
& find  
I have nothing to say.  
I am afraid of kicking  
at the day wall  
solid boundary of my life  
& finding nothing behind it  
but dust & darkness.  
I am afraid of an uncreated universe.

# BUSIT!

## Route 9B

Driver: 11726

Ticket: 2233

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$20.90

Time: 06:29

## 13 Apr 18

★ Transfer Expires ★

## 07:29 AM

★ Free Transfer Trip ★  
★ within city boundary ★  
★ boarded before expiry ★  
★ NOT TRANSFERABLE ★

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

## *apologia*

There are things  
I don't want to write about  
or even  
think concrete thoughts about.  
So, we won't  
talk about those.  
Other things  
fall into the category  
'want to write but can't'.  
Because there are already  
*excellent* commentaries  
by qualified people.  
Because I might be wrong  
about something  
that really matters.  
But mostly because  
– God forgive me –  
I am afraid.  
I am afraid that I will start writing  
& find  
I have nothing to say.  
I am afraid of kicking  
at the drywall,  
the solid boundary of my life,  
& finding nothing behind it  
but dust & darkness.  
I am afraid of an uncreated universe.



\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*

\*\*\* Ticket \*\*\*

Driver 11726

Module 519523

Time 06:29

Date Fri, 13 Apr 18

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$20.00

Card Cash Is: \$22.60

\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*

\*\*\* Travel Ticket \*\*\*

## Comedy Eccentral

Because

to many people's  
idea of hilarity  
is potfalls  
situations where someone  
is hurt

or humiliated  
or both

because they're clumsy or  
have  
poorly-calibrated filters or  
walked in on

a contextless conversation

& got it wrong

& the secondhand embarrassment

withers ~~the~~ entrails

shrivels my throat

because that's me.

I do those things.

So when you say, 'this is funny'

I have to wonder

do you laugh at me ~~when~~ not there?

## *comedy eccentral*

Because  
too many people's  
idea of hilarity  
is pratfalls –  
situations where someone  
is hurt  
or humiliated  
or both  
because they're clumsy or  
have poorly-calibrated filters or  
walked in on  
a contextless conversation  
& got it wrong  
& the secondhand embarrassment  
withers my guts  
shrivels my throat  
because that's me.  
I do those things.  
So when you say,  
'this is a scream'  
I have to wonder  
do you laugh at me too  
when I'm not there?

Keep IKT for inspection

**BUSIT!****Route 2A**

Driver: 11623

Ticket: 7165

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 1

To Stop: 2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$17.50

Time: 07:49

**16 Apr 18**

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

**08:49 AM**

\* Free transfer trip \*  
 \* within city boundary \*  
 \* boarded before expiry \*  
 \*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

busline bus 45

**Canceling  
my Subscription**

I used to try  
 to be like them  
 the artistic girls  
 who didn't have knives  
 or infant-size  
 hiking boots  
 before they could walk  
 or encyclopedic knowledge  
 of the truly random  
 or notebooks  
 full of bad fanfiction.  
 They had friends instead  
 their tribe gathered  
 as children  
 and I watched  
 anthropological curiosity  
 perhaps brought on  
 by a dusty mountain  
 of old National Geographics.  
 I don't know  
 where they are ~~any~~ more  
 those <sup>girls</sup> magazines  
 product of their time  
 glimpses of worlds  
 I could never inhabit.  
 I read JACS now  
 and don't try  
 to be anyone  
 in particular.

## *canceling my subscription*

I used to try  
to be like them:  
the artistic, domestic girls  
who did not have knives,  
or infant-sized hiking boots  
before they could walk,  
or encyclopedic knowledge  
of the truly random,  
or notebooks  
full of bad fanfiction.  
They had friends:  
their tribe gathered  
as children  
& I watched –  
anthropological curiosity  
perhaps brought on  
by a dusty mountain  
of old National Geographics.  
I don't know  
where they are anymore;  
those girls,  
those magazines,  
product-of-their-time  
glimpses of worlds  
I could never inhabit.  
I read chemical journals now  
and don't try  
to be anybody  
in particular.

## & Having Writ

Go take the battery  
out of the clock  
the hands don't move  
but the spirit &  
the jerky

ticks  
tick  
ticks  
go on

dragging time with them.

Bring it back, clock;  
I need that.

Why has this can  
only been

half an hour by my watch  
& get

I blink

& it is Monday again

I'm sure it was Monday  
yesterday.

What happened

to endless summers

to eternal afternoons?

They say time accelerates  
with age

are we

older

younger

now?

why won't time wait?

Keep 1K1 for Inspector

# BUSIT!

## Route 13

Driver: 11E42

Ticket: 2403

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$0.60

Time: 10:00

## 23 Apr 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 2:38 PM

\* Free Transfer Limit \*

\* within city boundary \*

\* boarded before expiry \*

\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busticket

## *& having writ*

Go take the battery  
out of the clock;  
the hands don't move  
but the spirit &  
the jerky  
tick  
tick  
tick  
go on  
dragging time with them.  
Bring it back, clock;  
I need that.  
Why has this eon  
only been  
half an hour by my watch  
& yet  
I blink  
& it is Monday again.  
I'm sure it was Monday  
yesterday.  
What happened  
to endless summers  
to eternal afternoons?  
They say time accelerates  
with age;  
are we  
older  
younger  
now?  
Why won't it wait?

**BUSIT!**

Route 13

Driver: 10592

Ticket: 2617

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$2.20

Time: 12:32

30 Apr 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

1:32 PM

\* Free Transfer Trip  
 \* within city boundary  
 \* boarded before expiry  
 \*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

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## Like Clockwork

It shows the scope of comprehension  
 is so slight

compared to all the things  
 there are to comprehend  
 as not to handle anything intact.

Linguists

break language

into funny-looking phonemes.

Geologists

break rocks. Enough said.

Chemists

shatter molecules with lasers

&amp; weigh the bits

to find out what they were.

Literature majors

soft novels, poems, libraries

into tidy boxes

of similes &amp; allusions.

&amp; when all the pieces

are spread

across the green-brass surface

of trying-to-understand

we can start to

pick the tiny brass cogs

up

one by one

turn them over

put them back

see how

it all fits together

&amp; why the whole

works as it does.

The great pity of it is that

the great people object being is essential

## *like clockwork*

It seems the scope of comprehension  
is so slight  
compared to all the things  
there are to comprehend  
that it cannot handle anything intact.

Linguists  
break languages  
into funny-looking phonemes.

Geologists  
break rocks.

Chemists  
shatter molecules with lasers  
& weigh the bits  
to find out what they were.

Literature majors  
sort novels, poems, libraries  
into tidy boxes  
of similes & allusions.  
& when all the pieces  
are spread  
across the green-baize surface  
of trying-to-understand  
we can start to  
pick up  
the tiny brass cogs  
one by one  
turn them over  
put them back  
see how  
it all fits together  
& why the whole  
works as it does.

The great pity  
is that people object  
to being so dismantled.

In Which Adequate Perfection  
> Perfect Adequacy

a pervasive sense of completion  
accompanies

the independent discovery  
of an unexpected case of symmetry  
an unlooked-for continuation  
of a pattern.

all the numbers lining up  
in the value of a bus card  
counting in pinecone spirals  
that end smoothly in ...8,5,3,2,1,1.  
a single spectral signal  
falling smoothly away  
from a sharp center.

Symmetry

the Fibonacci sequence  
& the golden ratio  
form after all

the basis of most human standards  
of aesthetic beauty  
did I choose science  
out of an earnest wish  
to change the world  
or just because  
I love a good parabola?

WWW.BUSIT.CO.NZ  
Keep It! For Inspector



\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*  
\*\*\* Ticket \*\*\*

Driver 11551  
Module 530250  
Time 07:32  
Date Tue, 01 May 18

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045  
Value Added: \$20.00  
Card Cash Is: \$22.20

\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*  
\*\*\* Travel Ticket \*\*\*

*in which*

*adequate perfection > perfect adequacy*

A pervasive sense of *completion*

accompanies

the independent discovery

of an unexpected case of symmetry,

an unlooked-for continuation of a pattern.

All the numbers lining up

in the value of a bus card.

Counting in pinecone spirals

that end

with a kind of predictable surprise

in ...8, 5, 3, 2, 1, 1.

A single spectral signal

falling smoothly away

from a sharp center.

Symmetry

the Fibonacci sequence

& the golden ratio

form (after all)

the basis of most human standards

of aesthetic beauty.

Did I choose science

out of an earnest wish

to change the world

or just because

I love a good parabola?

1950s vintage  
1980s retro  
2010s ... ?

Who will they be  
those children of the future  
~ 30 years from now  
who slip away into their rooms  
to watch the Big Bang theory  
500 Days of Summer  
or Skyfall  
to relive glimpses  
of a simpler time  
who raid their parents' wardrobes  
for vintage Game of Thrones t-shirts  
& the kinds of jackets  
nobody makes anymore  
who painstakingly keep  
a 2016 Holden on the road  
because the fuel efficiency  
is awful but  
'what, it's a good car!'  
will they be fascinated  
by the 2010s  
as we are  
~~and~~ by the 1980s?  
Will they know  
that TV was not real life  
now either?  
that only needs were that?  
that life was more complicated  
& the tide of public opinion  
more furiously eddying  
than they think?  
Or will all this just  
be swept away like a bad dream?  
Will things really  
get that much better  
in 30 years?

www.busit.co.nz

Keep ISI For Inspection

**BUSIT!**

Route 17

Driver: 11691

Ticket: 11

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$18.80

Time: 16:59

01 May 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

5:59 PM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.co.nz

1950s vintage;

1980s retro;

2010s...?

Who will they be  
those children of the future  
~30 years from now  
who slip away into their rooms  
to watch *The Big Bang Theory*  
*500 Days of Summer*  
or *Skyfall*  
tantalizing glimpses  
of a simpler time?  
who raid their parents' wardrobes  
for vintage Game of Thrones t-shirts  
& the kind of jackets  
nobody makes anymore?  
who painstakingly keep  
a 2015 Holden on the road  
because the fuel efficiency is awful but  
'what, it's a good car'?  
Will they be fascinated  
by the 2010s  
as we are  
by the 1980s?  
Will they know  
that TV was not real life  
now either?  
that only nerds wore that?  
that life was more complicated  
& the tide of public opinion  
more furiously eddying  
than they think?  
Or will all this  
be swept away like a bad dream?  
Will things really  
get that much better in 30 years?

## Priorities

If you want to get  
something done  
give it to a busy person  
only please don't

I'm tired

I will add it to the list -  
which is stacked or queued,  
depending  
who you are & what it is -  
& it will get done  
on or before deadline.  
& you will be happy.  
& the aphorism

will continue to be true.  
Never mind

that I watch  
as 'sleep' & 'blog' &  
'just chill with a book'

slip down the stack  
to the back of the queue  
like a book fallen  
down the back of the shelf  
you know it's there  
you could get it

but there's so much in the way  
hey, but at least  
the busy person  
got your task done, right?

www.busit.co.nz

Keep TKI for Inspection

# BUSIT!

## Route 2B

Driver: 11731

Ticket: 3863

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 19

To Stop: 18

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$15.40

Time: 16:35

## 03 May 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 5:35 PM

\* Free Transfer Trip \*

\* within city boundary \*

\* boarded before expiry \*

\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.co.nz

## *priorities*

If you want to get  
something done  
give it to a busy person  
only please don't –  
I'm tired.  
I will add it to the list –  
which is stacked or queued  
depending  
who you are & what it is  
& it will get done  
on or before deadline  
& you will be happy  
& the aphorism  
will continue to be true.  
Never mind  
that I watch  
as 'sleep' &  
'blog' &  
'just chill with a book'  
slip  
down  
the stack  
toward the back  
of the queue  
like a book  
fallen  
down  
behind the shelf:  
you know it's there  
you *could* get it  
but there's so much in the way.  
Hey, but at least  
the busy person  
got your task done  
right?

**BUSIT!****Route 17**

Driver: 11682

Ticket: 2541

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 21

To Stop: 20

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$12.00

Time: 17:32

**04 May 18**

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

**6:32 PM**

\* Free transfer trip \*  
 \* within city boundary \*  
 \* boarded before expiry \*  
 \*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

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**Please Use Small Words**

Familiarity

breeds contempt

the proverb says

(Q: pro-verb;

in place of a verb? something

you say instead of

doing anything helpful?)

is true

it is easy to forget

the terrifying wonder

of one's own field

until one uses small words

for large concepts

pour expliquer les autres

then suddenly

it dawns on one

'I am talking

about wrapping up

a piece of metal

so small microscopes can't see

in a piece of plastic

of comparable size!

(chelating compounds.)

How many things

do we think are impossible

only because

the people who do them

every day

aren't explaining properly?

*please use small words*

*Familiarity*

*breeds contempt*

the proverb says

(Q: pro-verb

'in place of a verb'?

something you say instead of  
doing anything helpful?)

& true

it is easy to forget

the terrifying wonder

of one's own field

until one uses small words

for large concepts:

*pour expliquer les autres.*

Then suddenly

it dawns on one:

'I am talking

about wrapping up

a piece of metal

so small

microscopes can't see it

in a piece of plastic

of comparable size.'

(Chelating compounds.)

How many things

do we think are impossible

only because

the people who do them every day

aren't explaining properly?

**BUSIT!**

**Route 13**

Driver: 10495

Ticket: 3353

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$5.20

Time: 19:34

**09 May 18**

★ Transfer Expires ★

**8:34 PM**

\* Free transfer trip  
\* within city boundary  
\* boarded before expiry  
\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*  
WARNING: CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

To a Snail  
On the Sidewalk  
And where are you going?  
What destination  
is worthy  
of this titanic commute  
across the vast  
& inhospitable  
asphalt wasteland?  
Do you know?  
What did you leave behind  
that made this seem  
like a good idea  
this voyage of days  
where predators  
or careless passers-by  
are equally deadly?  
Will you ever go back  
to what you left behind  
or are you  
the Abram of your kind  
forging ahead with  
only a direction  
& the word 'go'  
to guide you?  
What of your family?  
Do you have one?  
Do you get lonely or  
are you entire of yourself  
communal  
incidentally, not necessarily  
that you set out thus alone?  
You are very brave, & no, Godspeed.

## *to a snail on the sidewalk*

And where are you going?  
What destination  
is worthy  
of this titanic commute  
across the vast  
& inhospitable  
asphalt wasteland?  
Do you know?  
What did you leave behind  
that made this seem  
like a good idea –  
this voyage of days  
where predators  
or careless passers-by  
are equally deadly?  
Will you ever go back  
to what you left behind  
or are you  
the Abram of your kind,  
forging ahead with  
only a direction  
& the Word 'go'  
to guide you?  
What of your family?  
Do you have one?  
Do you get lonely or  
are you entire of yourself  
(communal  
incidentally, not necessarily)  
that you set out thus alone?  
You are very brave, snail.  
Godspeed.

**BUSIT!**

\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*

\*\*\* Ticket \*\*\*

Driver 11567

Module 536095

Time 07:52

Date Tue, 15 May 18

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$20.00

Card Cash Is: \$20.10

\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*

\*\*\* Travel Ticket \*\*\*

Happy Birthday

It seems a odd thing  
to commemorate:

'come, let us  
record the one day  
on which

you definitely  
did nothing remarkable.

Let this string of numbers  
be attached to you forever  
recite it

at banks, bottle shops,  
the blood service  
to flimsily corroborate  
identity

as if it is the code  
on the back of a credit card  
not the front of a Facebook page  
as if it matters  
for the whole rest of a life  
what stars were in the sky  
one night.

but with all that said  
my happy returns  
of this birthday anniversary.

## *happy birthday*

It seems an odd thing  
to commemorate:  
'Come, let us  
record the one day  
on which  
you *definitely*  
did nothing remarkable.'  
Let this string of numbers  
be attached to you forever.  
Recite it  
at banks,  
bottle shops,  
the blood service,  
to flimsily corroborate  
identity.  
As if it is the code  
on the back of a credit card,  
not the front of a Facebook page.  
As if it matters  
for the whole rest of a life  
what stars were in the sky  
one night.  
But with all that said:  
many happy returns  
of this arbitrary anniversary.

Keep It! For Inspection

**BUSIT!**

Route 52A

Driver: 11551

Ticket: 4173

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 1

To Stop: 2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$16.70

Time: 07:32

17 May 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

08:32 AM

\* Free Transfers apply  
 \* within city boundary  
 \* boarded before expiry  
 \*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.co.nz

## Aqueous Pseudomysticism

Warm air inside bus  
 loaded with water vapor  
 cold glass - result, fog.

Speaking of,  
 answer this mystery:

fire

by its very existence  
 produces water  
 cause of its destruction,  
 air

is laden with water -  
 'absorbs 10x its own weight  
 in liquid!'

Congratulations  
 you live in an  
 advertorial for sponges.  
 Earth

well, here

dig down a few inches  
 you'll find  
 telltale darkness of soil.

Each of the  
 Aristotelean elements  
 contains water.

Each of the  
 Mendeleevian elements  
 contains hydrogen  
 'maker of water!'

So perhaps there really is  
 a single ruling element  
 but no, the mist is off  
 the bus windows & I can see clearly

## *aqueous pseudomysticism*

Warm air inside bus  
loaded with water vapor;  
cold glass – result, fog.

Speaking of which –  
explain this mystery:

Fire

by its very existence  
produces water  
cause of its destruction.

Air

is laden with water –  
'absorbs ten times its own weight in liquid!'  
congratulations:

you live in  
an advertorial for sponges.

Earth

well, here  
dig down a few inches  
you'll find  
telltale darkness of soil.

Each of the

Aristotelian elements  
contains water.

Each of the Mendeleevian elements  
contains hydrogen  
'maker of water'.

So perhaps there really is  
a single ruling element.

But now the mist is off  
the bus windows

& I can see clearly again.

**BUSIT!**

Route 52

Driver: 11691

Ticket: 2498

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 38

To Stop: 39

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$11.60

Time: 19:10

18 May 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

8:10 PM

\* Free Transfer Trip \*  
 \* within city boundary \*  
 \* boarded before expiry \*

\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

Card: 145045

## Kill Switch

The hard part  
 is switching it off again;  
 flow

the state of being engrossed  
 of forgetting  
 time & place & tired & stiff  
 in pursuit of a goal  
 is hard to attain in person.

It is not easy  
 to be doing, almost  
 without thinking  
 for hours

& anything or nothing  
 can jolt you back to reality.

But flow of the mind  
 where the problem  
 keeps ticking over  
 through

get-up-&-go-for-a-walk  
 recaffeinate

bathroom break  
 right-thats-it-

I'm-going-home-now  
 is more persistent -

one the claws of a thought  
 are firmly snagged  
 there is no thinking  
 of anything else  
 until it is done  
 or you are.

## *kill switch*

The hard part  
is switching it off again:  
flow –  
the state of being engrossed  
of forgetting  
time & place & tired & stiff  
in pursuit of a goal –  
is hard to attain in person.  
It is not easy  
to be *doing*, almost  
without thinking  
for hours  
& anything or nothing  
can jolt you back to reality.  
But flow of the mind,  
where the problem  
keeps ticking over  
through  
get-up-&-go-for-a-walk,  
recaffeinate,  
bathroom break,  
right-that's-it-I'm-going-home-now,  
is more persistent.  
Once the claws of a thought  
are firmly snagged  
there is no thinking  
of anything else  
until it is done  
or you are.

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ  
Keep IKI for Inspector

**BUSIT!**

Route 52A

Driver: 11551

Ticket: 8368

Fare: UNI-SV \$1.70

From Stop:9

To Stop:10

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$9.90

Time: 07:32

21 May 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

08:32 AM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

& Tell the Messenger  
Not To Wait

That's the plan, anyway.  
When you get to  
X street  
you must start writing -  
even if

the topic instantly in mind  
is not a very good one  
not really worth  
a poem  
or a passing thought.

& in 'realtime' conversation  
plain acknowledgement  
of what they've said  
is not enough  
means 'you weren't listening'  
when  
you were, but  
nothing in that statement  
demanded  
even requested

a reply  
but there is a deadline  
before which  
I have to answer.

If you don't hear from me  
when you  
or 'expectations'

think is appropriate

I'm not ignoring you. <sup>you said</sup>  
I might be thinking over what  
a <sup>hand</sup> to <sup>SC</sup> be nothing to say  
or there might be nothing to say.

## *& tell the messenger not to wait*

That's the plan, anyway:  
when you get to  
x street  
you must start writing –  
even if  
the topic instantly in mind  
is not a very good one  
not really worth  
a poem  
or a passing thought.  
& in realtime conversation  
plain acknowledgement  
of what they've said  
is not enough;  
means 'you weren't listening'  
when  
you were, but  
nothing in that statement  
demanded –  
even requested –  
a reply.  
But there is a tacit deadline  
before which  
I have to answer.  
If you don't hear from me  
by the  
'appropriate' time  
I'm not ignoring you.  
I might be thinking over what you said  
& how best to reply.  
Or there might just  
be nothing to say.

**BUSIT!**

Route 13

Driver: 11544

Ticket: 91

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$3.10

Time: 17:09

25 May 18

\*\*Transfer Expires\*\*

6:09 PM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
 \* within city boundary \*  
 \* boarded before expiry \*

\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.co.nz

## &amp; The Rain Will Make

On days when  
 Cartier's front window  
 is flung across the windshields  
 & clanking rubber wipers  
 impatiently brush off  
 the scatter  
 of loose gemstones  
 when it is all  
 newly rain-washed  
 & the slick surface  
 of the asphalt  
 is imperceptibly black  
 under the lightshow  
 of headlights streetlights  
 traffights brakelights  
 lights on storefronts  
 & rear indicators  
 & the colors shift & dance  
 in the rain...  
 they say the Vegas Strip  
 is quite something  
 but nights like these  
 in the electrically-assisted  
 not-quite dark  
 the city is almost beautiful

## *& the rain will make*

On nights when  
Cartier's front window  
is flung across the windshield  
& clanking rubber wipers  
impatiently brush off  
the scatter  
of loose gemstones;  
when it is all  
newly rain-washed  
& the slick surface  
of the asphalt  
is imperceptibly black  
under the lightshow  
of headlights streetlights  
traffic lights brakelights  
lights on storefronts  
& rare indicators  
& the colors shift & dance  
in the rain...

They say the Vegas Strip  
is quite something,  
but on nights like these,  
in the electrically-assisted  
not-quite-dark,  
the city is almost beautiful.



www.burill.co.nz

TKI Fair Inspector

**US\$IT!**

a Valid \*\*\*

cket \*\*\*

10495

534547

19:36

Date Thu, 07 Jun 18

SmartCard Updated

Card: 145045

Value Added: \$20.00

Card Cash Is: \$21.40

\*\*\* Not a Valid \*\*\*

\*\*\* Travel Ticker \*\*\*

## Non-Demonstrative

It never seems quite fair  
how I can say  
all the things I don't mean  
quick - glib - easy -  
paper sailboats  
moving  at the least breath.  
Anything you want to know  
about things that don't  
matter  
that don't  
have matter  
things unweighty like  
weather, swords, buses,  
aenon-hecafluoride, owls -  
is free for the asking.  
& I cannot say directly  
(even with  
much rehearsal) the things  
that I mean  
from my very fingertips. I am  
only eloquent in small doses  
on tiny scraps of paper.

## *non-demonstrative*

It never seems quite fair  
how I can say  
all the things I don't mean  
quick – glib – easy –  
paper                      sailboats  
moving                      at the least breath.  
Anything you want to know  
about things that don't  
matter,  
that don't  
*have* matter –  
things unweighty like  
weather, swords, buses,  
xenon-hexafluoride, owls –  
is free for the asking.  
& I cannot say directly  
(even with  
much rehearsal) the things  
that I mean  
from my very fingertips. I am  
only eloquent in small doses  
& on tiny scraps of paper.

i was supposed to be  
listening to the sermon

There is a kind of glow  
a certain goldenness  
or barely suppressed glisten  
of the eyes

often observed in people  
who are talking of things  
so mindblowingly

violetly awesome

that while the details  
hover

tantalisingly

just-out-of-reach

& you can (if you are  
very clever or very lucky)

stumblingly explain  
the general idea

of how it works -

all you really know

is that it is more

beautiful & wonderful

intricate & confusing

than you can understand

And Moses came out

from the presence

of the Lord

and his face was radiant;

WWW.BUSIT.CO.UK

Keep IKI for Inspector

**BUSIT!**

Written June 24<sup>th</sup>

Route 9

Driver: 11707

Ticket: 6760

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$4.80

Time: 08:44

25 May 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

09:44 AM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*  
WARNING, CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

*i was supposed to be listening to the sermon*

There is a kind of glow  
a certain goldenness  
or barely suppressed glitter  
of the eyes  
often observed in people  
who are talking of things  
so mind-blowingly  
*violetly awesome*  
that while the details  
hover  
tantalizingly  
just-out-of-reach  
& you can (if you are  
very clever or very lucky)  
stumblingly explain  
the general idea  
of 'how it works' –  
all you really know  
is that it is more  
beautiful & wonderful  
intricate & confusing  
than you can understand.  
& Moses came out  
from the presence of the LORD  
and his face was radiant.

**BUSIT!**

## Route 9

Driver: 11718

Ticket: 7116

Fare: UVI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 10

To Stop: 9

Card: T45045

Credit Left: \$12.90

Time: 09:11

**03 Jul 18**

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

**10:11 AM**

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

## Remain

What is left when  
the essence of original is gone -  
the ash in a hearth  
spiced with ghostly ink -  
one letter, now dust,  
the crumpled paper packet  
dusted with a few flour grains  
its usefulness ended.  
Sometimes less clear  
a strangely vacant  
city lot -  
the pearly turquoise runoff  
of synthesis gone right -  
a stock of sturdy cardboard boxes  
shoved over  
a charity-shop donations cart  
by a tight-lipped widow -  
unless you knew  
what came before  
you wouldn't see  
the ghost standing before you  
waiting  
to be seen in the remains.  
Nothing touches nothing -  
however slight  
all passings leave  
some mark.  
A little extra wear  
on a pavement.  
A fleeting memory.  
The flutter of a butterfly's wings.

## *remain*

What is left when  
the essence or original is gone –  
the ash on a hearth  
spidered with phantom ink,  
once a letter, now dust.  
The crumpled paper packet  
dusted with a few flour grains,  
its usefulness ended.  
Sometimes less clear:  
a strangely vacant  
city lot –  
the pearly turquoise runoff  
of synthesis gone right –  
a stack of sturdy cardboard boxes  
shoved over  
a charity-shop donations counter  
by a tight-lipped widow.  
Unless you knew  
what came before  
you wouldn't see  
the ghost standing before you  
waiting  
to be seen in the remains.  
Nothing touches nothing –  
however slight,  
all passings leave  
some mark.  
A little extra wear  
on a pavement.  
A fleeting memory.  
The flutter of a butterfly's wings.

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Keep IT! for Inspector

**BUSIT!**

Route 52A

Driver: 10114

Ticket: 42701

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:1

To Stop:2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$10.90

Time: 07:27

13 Jul 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

08:27 AM

\* Free transfer trip  
\* within city boundary  
\* boarded before expiry  
\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

0800 4 2875463

Sometimes,  
Do Stop Believing  
& as the sun  
trudges over the horizon  
is the trees  
that bristle around the river  
then for a change  
& a minute or two  
the morning fog is golden  
& we all glance up  
& believe  
momentarily  
that the gray  
blanket over the city  
stiflingly cold & casting  
suspicion over  
the most familiar streets  
might be lifted.  
This is  
a campaign promise:  
something  
you love to hear  
love to repeat  
to others,  
saying either  
'see, I am right' or  
'see, you are wrong' - (these  
are not the same sentiment)  
& you will keep it up  
until you drive home  
into the foggy night.

*sometimes, do stop believing*

& as the sun  
trudges over the horizon  
in the trees  
that bristle around the river  
then, for a change,  
the morning fog is golden  
& we all glance up  
& believe  
momentarily  
that the grey  
blanket over the city –  
stiflingly cold & casting  
suspicion over  
the most familiar streets –  
might be lifted.  
This is  
a campaign promise: something  
you love to hear  
love to repeat  
to others  
saying either  
'see, I am right' or  
'see, you are wrong' – (these  
are not the same sentiment)  
& you will keep it up  
until you drive home  
into the foggy night.

## Looking for Space

Tell me  
what is valuable in the world  
It is avoid  
coupled with  
power to fill it -  
they buy large houses  
so they can  
leave space empty.  
Assigned parking spaces  
corner offices  
your own room  
as a kid.  
your investment property  
as an adult -  
trappings  
of wealth & power  
contain emptiness  
hidden  
just out of sight  
Emptiness  
& a choice.  
Such is wealth.  
Minimalism is  
the baroque of our times  
an ostentatious display  
of so much space  
you feel free to leave it empty.

073400  
sit.co.nz  
Keep IKT for Inspector



Written July 19<sup>th</sup> morning

Route 2

Driver: 10489

Ticket: 21499

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 19

To Stop: 18

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$1.00

Time: 18:04

10 Jul 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

7:04 PM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*  
WARNING: CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.bust.co.nz

## *looking for space*

Tell me  
what is valuable in the world?  
It is a void  
coupled with  
power to fill it –  
they buy large houses  
so they can  
leave space empty.  
Assigned parking spaces  
corner offices  
your own room  
as a kid  
your investment property  
as an adult –  
trappings  
of wealth & power  
contain emptiness  
hidden  
just out of sight:  
Emptiness  
& a choice.  
Such is wealth.  
Minimalism is  
the baroque of our times  
an ostentatious display  
of so much space  
you feel free  
to leave it empty.

## Dawn, Winter, Misty

The fire  
grows on the horizon  
pouring up  
pink smoke or cloudbanks  
into indecisive blue sky.

Charred skeletons  
once were trees  
stretch bony hands  
toward the light.

In the grey distance  
memories  
of houses  
forests

hunter down  
in smokewreathed hollows.

The lurid pink light  
hits faint glimmer  
from the night's ash  
fallen  
in the park,

& the people  
go about  
silently  
coming to terms  
with the cataclysm of a new day

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep JKI for Inspector

# BUSIT!

## Route 9B

Driver: 10337

Ticket: 2641

Fare: UNI SW \$1.70

From Stop: 12

To Stop: 11

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$15.60

Time: 07:01

## 24 Jul 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 08:01 AM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

*dawn , winter, misty*

The fire  
glows on the horizon  
pouring up  
pink smoke or cloudbanks  
into indecisive blue sky.  
Charred skeletons  
once-were trees  
stretch bony hands  
toward the light.  
In the grey distance  
memories  
of houses  
forests  
hunker down  
in smoke-wreathed hollows.  
The lurid pink light  
hits faint glimmers  
from the night's ash  
fallen  
in the park.  
& the people  
go about  
silently  
coming to terms  
with the cataclysm  
of a new day.

## I'm Fine

There was  
some important advice  
given to me  
by an old friend  
for deployment in times  
of fear  
or stress  
or exhaustion  
or other  
general overwhelmment.  
thus:

Decide  
to be fine  
until the end  
of the week  
& then do it again.  
This is not  
a decision taken lightly.  
Sometimes all you want  
is to sit down  
& say  
know what?

I am not fine. I am  
not fine or coping or okay.  
But the end of the week  
is a long way off. So...

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Keep TKI for Inspector

# BUSIT!

## Route 13

Driver: 11657

Ticket: 4717

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 17

To Stop: 14

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$13.90

Time: 17:20

## 24 Jul 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 6:20 PM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
\* within city boundary \*  
\* boarded before expiry \*  
\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*

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*i'm fine*

There was  
some important advice  
given to me  
by an old friend  
for deployment in times  
of fear  
or stress  
or exhaustion  
or other  
general overwhelmment.

Thus:

Decide  
to be fine  
until the end  
of the week  
& then do it again.

This is not  
a decision to be taken lightly.

Sometimes all you want  
is to sit down  
& say  
know what?

I am not fine. I am  
not fine or coping or okay.

But the end of the week  
is a long way off.

So.

## Auto(mobile) crazy

Consider the car,  
 Make of the headlamps  
 eyes  
 of the maker's make  
 a snub button-nose  
 of the license plate & grille  
 a mouth  
 & observe the physiognomy  
 that emerges.  
 The old cars  
 the ones beautiful like women  
 with graceful lines  
 the ones you turn to watch  
 these with their round  
 chromed headlamps  
 wide grilles  
 beam innocently at the world  
 Flip-up headlamps  
 in the day are sleepy  
 the stoners of car society.  
 Goods trucks are amiable  
 without much going on upstairs  
 & modern cars  
 as headlamps angle ever more  
 snarl & scowl & snarl  
 furiously angry at being  
 brought forth  
 into so crowded a world.

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Keep It! For Inspiration

# BUSIT!

## Route 17

Driver: 11541

Ticket: 9766

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 20

To Stop: 19

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$12.20

Time: 16:33

## 25 Jul 18

\*\* Transfer Expires \*\*

## 5:33 PM

\* Free transfer trip \*  
 \* within city boundary \*  
 \* boarded before expiry \*  
 \*\* NOT TRANSFERABLE \*\*

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

## *auto(mobile)cracy*

Consider the car.  
Make of the headlamps  
eyes  
of the maker's mark  
a snub button-nose  
of the license plate and grille  
a mouth  
& observe the physiognomy  
that emerges.  
The old cars  
the ones beautiful like women  
with graceful lines  
the ones you turn to watch:  
these, with their round  
chromed headlamps  
wide grilles  
beam innocently at the world.  
Flip-up headlamps  
in the day are sleepy  
the stoners of car society.  
Goods trucks are amiable  
without much going on upstairs.  
& modern cars  
as headlamps angle ever more  
snarl & scowl & sneer  
furiously angry at being  
brought forth  
into so crowded a world.\*

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\* For D., who has to think about cars all the time, but still said, 'write a poem about how cars have faces'.